

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

SHE MURDERED FOR BEAUTY

Used Her Victim's Blood for Her Complexion.

Countess Bathori Tortured and Killed 650 Maidens in Six Years—The Hapless ones Kidnapped, Imprisoned and Slain With Glee.

No more remarkable criminal ever lived than the Countess Elizabeth Bathori—the countess of blood—a murderer, who almost unaided, deliberately killed 650 people in 6 years. Her diabolical crimes are described in a volume now in press in a leading publishing house in Breslau.

The Countess Elizabeth was the niece of Bathori or Bathory, king of Poland, and wife of the Hungarian Count Nadassy. She was born in the latter half of the 16th century. The author describes her as a woman of much apparent refinement, slender in figure, delicate in appearance, educated and accomplished.

In her crimes she was aided by a man servant and two women, all of whom seem to have entered into the villainy with quite as much fervor as the mistress herself. The man was frequently employed in kidnapping young girls when it was found impossible to secure them by other means.

Upon one occasion the countess, angered by some breach of duty on the part of her maid, seized a toilet article with a sharp point and plunged it into the girl's neck. The blow severed the carotid artery. The blood spurted forth in a great volume, covering the hands of countess and bespattering her face. This maddened her and aroused a new element in her nature. She washed her hands in the blood, and, as the girl lay prostrate on the floor, the countess lifted her feet to a chair so that the blood would more rapidly flow towards her neck. She caught the flow in a vessel. The girl bled to death, and the countess discovered that the awful bath had made her own skin much whiter and softer than it had been before.

This was the beginning of her series of murders and tortures. The count became a party to the infamy. The diversion of the couple did not stop at murder, but included torture of the most ingenious and horrible description.

The chateau had many dangerous passages and passages well adapted to this cruel work. Here one night during the Christmas holidays the countess spread a royal supper and invited to it 25 young damsels from the adjacent district. The girls naturally felt honored by the attention thus shown them. The supper was sumptuous, and the tables were loaded down with rich plates. The banquet took place in a special hall underground, the better to give the guests a novel experience, as the countess blandly explained.

At the conclusion of the repast the maidens were invited one by one to inspect subterranean passages, and as they went down the corridors with their guides they were shown into different cells and the doors closed upon them. Then the work of slaughter began. The countess, with her party, visited the various rooms. The three servants tell upon the girls and disrobed them, while the count and countess sat looking on.

When they were thus prepared, the countess, causing the wretched maidens to be held down that they might not struggle, drew from her pocket a sharp knife and deftly cut the most sensitive nerves in the girl, then cut off bits of flesh, pierced the eyes and ended the suffering by cutting the jugular vein or plunging the knife into the heart. In each case the blood was preserved with great care.

In this manner, varying the mode of torture to suit her increasing savagery, the countess went from one cell to another until she had with her own hands killed the entire number of her guests.

One of the girls was spared until the next day, when early in the morning she was smeared over her entire body with honey and tied to a post in the midst of a swarm of wasps and there she was left for 24 hours, being in that time stung to death. The count and his wife meanwhile sat at a window near by and watched the suffering of their victim. After it was over the body was drained of its blood.

The blood gathered from these girls was at once used by the countess to bathe her neck and face. Vanity had much to do with these terrible crimes, for it was in the beautifying of her complexion that the countess first found an excuse for her actions. The love of torture grew on her with the increase of her crimes and the familiarity she acquired with suffering.

The countess caused one of her girls to be stood, nude, in a hogshed of ice water and kept there for four hours after which she was clothed in a single muslin garment soaked in ice water and then tied to the top of a tall tower, while a furious snow-storm raged, and was kept there all night. In the morning the maiden was dead.

Her washerwoman she strapped to the wall and burned out her eyes, nose and tongue with a red-hot iron. She kept the poor woman alive for several days, burning her flesh every hour and torturing her in many horrible ways.

The supply of victims failing, she directed the man, Fierko, to go out to the distant country and kidnap,

induce or otherwise get victims to visit the chateau. Then the favorite plan of the countess was to have a mock ceremony of marriage performed, the man Fierko acting as bridegroom and the receiving and assurance that in marrying they would acquire their freedom the following day, whereas by refusing they would be committing suicide, inasmuch as they would in that event be killed.

A girl would be conducted to a dungeon fitted up like a royal boudoir. During the night the bride would be awakened by the countess, who would plunge a knife into her heart as soon as she opened her eyes. A method that the countess found greatly to her liking was to have the victim suspended by ropes from the ceiling, and gently open a vein in her body and watch her slowly bleed to death.

The stories told of these murders created scandal. George Thurzo, governor of the province and cousin of the countess, warned his relative to cease her terrible crimes. But still murders continued, and finally even the governor made up his mind that they should be stopped by force.

Learning that his cousin had arranged for usual Christmas wholesale killing, he took some officers and went to the chateau. He found in the cellars of the building 20 young women tied to the walls without clothes and horribly maltreated. These girls were to be killed that same night, and elaborate preparations had been made for slaughter.

The girls told the governor that they had been there for a month and that there had been many more, but that every day one was selected to be killed, and when the selection had been made the victim met her fate then and there in the presence of the others. Each day the countess would torture them, and she showed wonderful ingenuity in her means of doing so. One girl had a bosom cut off by the countess, another had lost her ears, another her nose, and all had been mutilated with a devilish ferocity. One was hanging from the wall by her arm, which had been pierced by a great spike, and a large basin was placed on the ground in order that the blood might not be lost.

Elizabeth Bathori was arrested, but owing to the fact that she was a member of the reigning house she was not condemned to death. She was imprisoned for the rest of her life in the fortress of Eseg, and her death took place there on Aug. 21, 1641, after she had been locked up 31 years. She was 54 years old at her death and died from starvation. Altogether, she had killed over 650 girls.—[Pennsylvania Griv.]

It is strange that some people will suffer for years from rheumatism rather than try such an approved standard remedy as Ayer's Sarsaparilla; and that, too, in spite of the assurance that has cured so many others who were similarly afflicted. Give it a trial.

Dan Boone's gun.
A relic of historic value has just been brought to Charleston, W. Va. It is the gun of Daniel Boone Van Bibber back in the wilds of Nicholas county. The stock and barrel are five feet four inches long, it carries an ounce ball, has the original old-fashioned flint lock, and is still a good shooter.

The gun was given by Boone to his friend, Mathias Tice Van Bibber. Tice Van Bibber carried it and did good execution at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. He carried it on hunting and trapping trips as far west as Osage river and throughout the horn and bullet mold are with the gun, also a very old shot pouch, a pocket compass with a sun dial attachment, and a steel spear-pointed needle for fixing buffalo hides to dry; also a tally stick and part of his commission as a captain in the war of 1812, and an old, well-known butcher knife which belonged to Isaac Van Bibber, who was killed at Point Pleasant. When he found nine Indian scalps, raised by this knife, were in the pouch. Tice used the knife as long as he lived. At his death Mathias Van Bibber, the first white child born in Nicholas county, and at his death, a few years ago, they were left to his son, Nathan Boone Van Bibber, the present owner.

When David C. R. Van Bibber was 4 years old his mother gave him a set of metal buttons for his first pair of breeches. He wore no other buttons for eighty-six years, and they have been placed with the gun and other trophies of Daniel Boone.

For sick headache, caused by a disordered stomach, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most reliable remedy. "My mother first recommended these Pills to me, thirty years ago. They are the mildest and best purgative in use"—S. C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

You can by paying your subscription, and one year in advance, get the Louisville Commercial, or New York Tribune one year. If you are not a subscriber, subscribe at once.

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

HE WAS A STRANGER

An he Took Them in—An Experience in a Mining Camp.

It was Christmas Eve in a California mining town in 1853, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling house with sprigs of mountain cedar, and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreen, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano-pounding," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper he scrawled the words: "100 Dollars Reward to a competent Piano Player." This he stuck on the music rack, and though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from the shell. So the merry went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddler and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouching near the fire place.

His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands towards the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent.

He looked about him once and awhile, as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nogg, advancing and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this."

"Pretty bad," said the man. "Must feel pretty dry."

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"
"Four days."

"Hungry?"
The man rose up and, walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon roast beef, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and brighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

Presently his eyes fell upon the piano.

"Where is the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession.

"I used to play when I was young," Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune. Nary a man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but, seizing a candle-box, he drew it up, and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"The old coon is a going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take a \$50 bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisations and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spells upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exaltation, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left?" said an old tough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they saw the heather of the Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in the church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax taper, the solemn shrines, the evergreen holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choir. Then the remorseless performer planted his stab in every hear with "Home Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying down on piano fell asleep.

"I say pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick, I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him here before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. "He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out in the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "hurry" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They said the old man had drawn the blanket over his face. The two stood a moment awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loss change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's track through the snow and lost them in the trail leading towards Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he couldn't play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

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DESCRIPTION OF DROWNING

Graphic Account of a Sub-Marine Divers Experience.

His Bones Seemed to Grind Into His Lungs, and the Eyes to Start From Their Sockets.

The victim is William Olesse, who was 80 feet under the water in a diving suit, when the air hose broke and shut off his supply of breath. He was trying to attach a hawser to the anchor which the big steamer La Touraine lost off quarantine at New York a few weeks ago. His story is as follows:

"About 2 o'clock one afternoon I had found the anchor, and had made fast one line. It was not strong enough I thought, for a 7,000 pound anchor, and I was about to make fast another line.

"I had been working rather hard, and found myself short of breath. I strengthened up and signaled for a little more air. I noticed, from the sound that the wheels above were going around very fast, as though the men above had difficulty in sending me what little air was then coming. Then I got the signal to make ready to come up. At the same instant I was jerked off my feet by the tightening of the life line. Quick as a flash, it seemed, all the air stopped.

"O, such a feeling!"

"It seemed to be hours going up. It was really but a few minutes, not over two, I am told.

"My first sensation was a terrible smothering feeling in my chest. I couldn't breathe. My breast felt as if it were being squeezed in an enormous trip-hammer, which was grinding my bones into my lungs. Then all the blood in my body seemed to start straight out from my head, until I could see then about two feet away, although everything was really black around me. The top of my head felt as if it were about to blow off and let out a tide of something which seemed to come out from my feet, my hands, and my inside.

"My neck felt as if a big, thick rope—thicker than it was wide—was being drawn tight, tighter, O, so very tight around it. The back of my neck stiffened so that I felt that I could not move my head. It seemed to me that I tried to move my head, and my neck struck a knife which, sharp as a razor, seemed to go through my neck and circle round my collar bone.

"My collar bone then seemed to be pressed away down into my lungs and it felt as if that big bone was a double-edged carved sword reaching from one shoulder to the other over my chest, then circling round over my back. It seemed to scoop out my heart, lungs and other organs. I did not feel any pain in those organs, though I realized that I was losing them.

"My throat grew dry and hot, so hot that it seemed as if I had a raging fire in there, and it seemed as if the heat from this fire rapidly went clear through my head and out through my ears and nose.

"Then the darkness began to be lit up by many stars.

"I never saw so many stars before. I could see millions and millions of them, and each one of them seemed to shoot each of its five points clear through my head.

"I could feel that I was moving up as I neared the surface, the fearful pressure on my chest and head eased a little. I felt relief, though the darkness was just as black and the stars as flickering.

"When I reached the surface I was dazed, but I was conscious. I knew what was going on all the time. I could feel that the men above who were turning the wheel were making desperate efforts to get me out of the water.

"When I reached the surface and the face glass was removed. I took a long, deep breath. Nothing I ever had in my life seemed as sweet and as nice as that first breath. It seemed as if I could not get enough of it.

"By that time the stars had disappeared. I could get a faint gleam of light, though I could not see any thing.

"The smothering sensation was gone. My head felt as big as a balloon. My eyes no longer seemed to be outside of my head, but, instead, seemed to have been shaved away in. I could not open them. The flesh around them seemed pulled out to where the eyes were when I was under water. It was broad daylight, but the sky seemed to be very cloudy as if a big storm was coming on.

My face was stiff and sore. The pain then was in my neck and shoulders. My eyes smarted dreadfully, and I could feel that blood was dripping from them. In a short time I could see a little daylight, but it hurt. I knew my mouth was full of blood, but I could not taste it. I coughed up a lot of it.

"Then men worked over me a while, and then took me to the hospital. It was a frightful experience. I'd rather die right off than go through it again. It would be easier, I think."

Mr. Olesse is now a strange looking specimen of humanity. His face is black in spots, and blue in patches. Deep black circles surround the livid, blood red eyes, which seem to project in demon like fierceness. The skin on his neck, chest and shoulders, especially at the back of his head, is terribly discolored. The whites of his eyes are furiously bloodshot. It will probably be weeks before they become white again. The eyelids, although a deep dark blue, are slowly regaining their natural color.

Altogether his was a remarkable experience, and one from which only a man of extraordinary vitality could recover.—[Pennsylvania Griv.]



The great need of the age. It is not the discovery of a medicine that will cure all kidney diseases, lame, sore or aching backs; that will cure all female diseases; restoring American woman physically to the high plane in civilization she occupies intellectually, morally and socially, giving tone to her muscles, elasticity to her step, a glow of health to her cheek and sweetness to her disposition; nor that will purify the blood, curing all skin eruptions, scrofula, rheumatism, dropsy, heart diseases, headache and nervous laughter. No, that is not what is needed, for that is already done. The medicine has long been discovered. It is Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure. But what is wanted is a universal knowledge of the fact. And that is just why this article is written—to give knowledge of the fact. Dr. Fenner knows it will do these things, for he has sold it for 20 years, money refunded if satisfaction not given. It will not deceive or disappoint just expectations. Take a bottle home to-day.

LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS & TEX. R. R. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1894.

WEST BOUND.

St. Louis to Louisville, Mo., 4:25 p. m.

St. Louis to St. Paul, Minn., 8:11 a. m.

St. Louis to Chicago, Ill., 8:17 a. m.

St. Louis to New York, N. Y., 8:27 p. m.

St. Louis to Cincinnati, Ohio, 8:23 p. m.

St. Louis to Kansas City, Mo., 8:23 p. m.

St. Louis to Omaha, Neb., 8:23 p. m.

St. Louis to Denver, Colo., 8:23 p. m.